

Reading for the Young Folks.

By MABLE DICCS.

AROUND THE VILLAGE; OR, VIL-LAGE TYPES.—II.

Old Aunt Susan—The Story She Told Us One Evening.

BY PERLE HALEY.

Aunt Susan was an old withered up woman who was the pet of our village with everybody. She was on hand to nurse the sick and always dose them with herb teas and other home-made medicines she carried in a little black leather satchel. Then after giving them the bitter draught she would tell an interesting story, if it was a child, and the latest gossip if an older person.

I knew when Susan Blake, (she was named after Aunt Susan) was sick she told an excellent story. At least I thought it was fine. It was one evening, and Susan's beau, Jake Hilson, had dropped in to see how his sweetheart was getting along. Susan had a sister and I had a sister. On this evening I had taken Jane, that's my sister, over to see Ann, Susan's sister. I thought Ann was the sweetest girl in town and I wanted Jane and Ann to be good friends, for my benefit. If no one else's, for I knew I would get to take Jane over to see her and then I'd have an excuse for going so much.

Well, we went over to see how Susan was, at least Jane did, (I went to feast my eyes on Ann) and before we had been there long Aunt Susan came in and then Jake, Jake acted like a fool. He sat there holding Susan's hand and looking at her like he'd never seen a girl before, while I had to sit in the corner with my feet tucked under my chair, and only getting a look from Ann now and then. Well, Ann was older than I, but I loved her with all the love a boy's heart of 12 could hold for a girl of 18.

Ann and Jane sat and talked about a boy I knew, until I was green with jealousy. I'm going to beat that boy next time I meet him. He was older than I but my love would give me strength, and then I'd go back to Ann and offer her my heart and hand and marry her and live happy forever after. But to Aunt Susan and her story.

Aunt Susan gave the younger Susan an awful bitter dose of her tea and the poor girl made the awfulest faces, and Aunt Susan said she would tell a story she had never told before if Susan would like to hear it.

We didn't give her time to say whether she would or not, but set up a yell for her to tell it.

"There, there! Don't be so noisy about it. You will make poor Susie's head worse," the old lady said, taking out her knitting and seating herself in a corner by the fireplace.

We listened for her to begin and at last she cleared her throat and began in a low voice we hardly recognized:

"When I was a young girl about 20 years old, there came to the town where we lived a young man about 32 years of age. He was handsome, oh, my yes! and many of the young girls fell completely head and ears in love with him. He purchased a beautiful house near the edge of town and fixed it up in fine style. I remember I passed by there one day in the cart with my father, and how beautiful the grounds were and the flowers.

"Susan, my father said, 'here's a fine home for some girl.'

"I answered yes, and just then the owner appeared on a handsome bay horse. My father and he exchanged words and I could feel his handsome eyes resting on my blushing face. I had never seen him before, and, like the rest, had fallen in love with him.

"Time went on and he began paying attention to a young lady there (her name I'll not mention) and they could be seen driving through the streets side by side in his pretty little buggy behind a pair of bays.

"Those were happy days to her and she grew to love him passionately and devotedly.

"Her heart was soon to be pained, though, for one day it was announced in our weekly paper that Col. Haegle and his daughter, Irene would take the old Norman residence for a year or two. Irene was an heiress and beautiful as she could be.

"She and her father were driving one day and passed the girl and young man. she stared at the pair and then nodded at the young man. He blushed and lifted his hat.

"Who is that lady we just passed, Neil?" asked the girl by his side.

"That was Miss Irene Haegle and her father. I knew them back from where I came from. If you were as beautiful as she is you would make me a lovely wife."

"Am I not beautiful enough for you, Neil?" she asked faintly.

"Oh, yes, of course. Why do you ask such a question? It is so silly," he answered, giving his horse a cut with the whip, which made the animal bound forward nearly throwing his companion out.

"He seemed to grow distant and took no interest in the simple wedding finery his girl would show him. He spoke impatiently to her and at last rudely.

"What has changed you so, Neil?" she asked him one night as she stood beside him.

"Have I changed? If so please forgive me. I am troubled here lately about something. It must be your jealousy," he replied.

"Jealousy! Why, Neil, could not be jealous. Whom would I be jealous of?" and she laughed. Unless it were Miss Haegle. You know she is so beautiful."

"She glanced in his face and was surprised at the tell-tale flush on it.

"Do not speak of Ir— of Miss Haegle," he said, taking his hat and leaving her.

"She could not help the feeling of pain that came to her heart when she thought of her lover and Miss Haegle. She wondered if he loved the Imperial Irene.

"Three days passed and her Neil had not been to see her. She was sick at heart and longed to die.

"She was sitting, gazing into the fire one afternoon when the door-bell rang. She opened the door and there stood her lover, her lord. He came in and seated himself with his back to the light and tried to open a conversation. He seemed ill at ease and at last said:

"—, I have come to tell you something. Do you think you can hear me through?"

"Why not?" she asked in a low voice.

"I—ah—I—I want to tell you I wish to be—ah—released from our engagement. I think it's best for both of us. I will settle a good sum on you and will give you a home."

"Sir! Whom are you speaking to? You need not try to orbe me. You may have your freedom. Do not lower yourself by trying to buy it or me. How dare you speak so to me, Neil Rogers?" and she stood before him white to the lips.

"You free me then?" he asked, rising to go.

"Yes, and willingly. Good afternoon to you."

"He left her and hurried down the steps and into his buggy and drove to Miss Haegle's.

"I am glad it's over," he said.

"Left alone, heart broken and senseless, the girl he had wronged lay on the floor in a dead stupor.

"For days she never left her bed and when she did she was a shadow of her former self.

"Neil Rogers married the beautiful Irene and took her to his grand home.

"They lived there a year and then went away, for Irene's health was poor.

"Years passed and Neil came back a widower. The girl he had nearly killed welcomed him with a smile when they met one day. She had grown better looking and appeared almost as beautiful as Irene to him.

"She encouraged his attentions and at last he proposed marriage. She accepted him gladly.

"The day of the wedding was announced and was to take place in the village church. Of course everybody went and the little church was crowded to its utmost.

"The bride came up the aisle leaning on her father's arm and at the altar she joined hands with the man she was to marry.

"The preacher began the ceremony and all was going off splendidly, when the congregation was shocked when her full clear voice said no to the question: 'Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, etc.'

"Could it be possible? Were they hearing rightly?

"They were answered by seeing the bride walk majestically down the aisle and disappear through the door, leaving the astonished bridegroom standing limply where she had left him. His face was livid and a fierce fire came into his eyes. Straightening himself up he turned and said:

"She has had her revenge. I broke her heart years ago. She pays me back."

"He left the church and in a few days

the town. He has never been heard of since.

"The girl went on living in the same town for years afterward. Some blamed her and others pitied. She cared for no one's opinion but her own. After her father's death she left there and they saw her no more."

"Oh! Aunt Susan! I like that story," cried Jane and Ann together.

"But you never told us the girl's name. The one he wronged," said young Susan.

"My dear, this is my life's story. I was the girl. It is all true. I have never told it before. This evening I was thinking of it and I just had to tell it to somebody," said the dear old lady. She wiped her eyes and sighed.

"Dear Aunt Susan," said Ann, kissing her tenderly.

I was wishing she'd kiss me.

A Youthful Writer.

The many readers of the very interesting stories which Miss Perle Haley has contributed to the Advocate and



News will be glad to read something personal about her. Here is a little sketch which she has kindly written for us:

"I was born one cold morning in January, 1880, in a little town in Illinois. My advent into this happy-go-lucky world was hailed with intense delight by a boy of 10 years. He was my brother and the only child my parents had. My mother told how crazy he was for a sister, and how one day when at a neighbor's he saw a fur cap on top of a high cupboard and how he had called the old lady's attention to it by calling to her excitedly, 'Oh! Mrs. Wickey, Mrs. Wickey, there's a baby on top of there! I see it's hair!' and how disappointed he was when she showed him it was only a fur cap! No wonder he was wild with delight when he first looked on his baby sister's face.

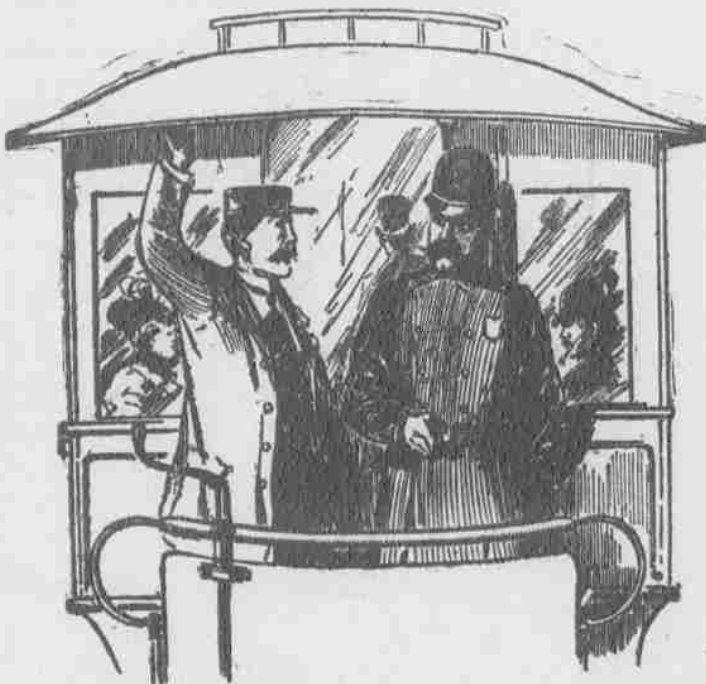
"I grew up a healthy, romping child and as good as a boy to my brother for a companion. We moved to Brookville,

Kana., and there I spent many a happy day roaming over the prairies in company with my cousin and brother, gathering flowers and grasses. I had always had boys for my playmates, and perhaps owe my good health to that, for when with them I learned to be a regular tom-boy and could stand as much as they could. Weather had no effect on me, only giving a coat of tan to my face and hands. I was out in all kinds of weather. The wind on the prairies sometimes was nothing to laugh at and out in it I'd be if it so struck my fancy to play out, without hat or bonnet. No, I did have a bonnet, but where was it? Not on my head but hanging on the fence or thrown down beside me. My mother gave up in despair in trying to make me wear a sun-bonnet, but I detested the thing and would not bear it, so she got me what I wanted—a boy's hat! I was satisfied with that and wore it more than I had ever done hat or sun-bonnet before.

"After a few years of prairie life we moved to Independence, Mo., and there I have lived up to the present time. I attended school, here but rather irregularly, for my mother's health was very poor. Many a scrape I have gotten in because I was too 'didn't care, just so there's fun in it.' My teachers knew who to look at if there was any cutting up. I didn't do anything for meanness, but just through thoughtlessness. Although rather reckless, I had fair recitals in my lessons and always received good grades except in deportment. There I was checked. One time I got a high grade in that and I felt happy, but I had been awfully good and the teacher saw my effort to behave and helped me greatly by her kind words. I have loved all my teachers but one or two, and I couldn't love them. My nature was one that was lovable and tender under kind words and actions, and as I received nothing of that kind from one or two teachers I can't be blamed for not loving them. They were there to teach and use all the power and force their positions gave them, and not to win the love of the pupils.

"As I grew older my thoughts turned to different things and my greatest desire was to be a musician or writer. As to music, I had no chance of learning it and my mind took a firmer grasp on the idea to become a writer. How I will succeed I do not know, but through study and the blessed help of kind friends I hope to push my way along in the world of literature and to make a name for myself—for I intend to be an old maid, and so never accept some one else's name. Make a name for yourself, is what I advise."

Sample copies will be cheerfully mailed to any address.



CONDUCTOR: I don't know how I would get along if it wasn't for Ripans Tabules. We men here on the road are always in such a "hustle," and get so little time to eat and have to swallow our food so quickly, no wonder we have dyspepsia. I know I suffered with it for nearly two years before I got "onto" the Tabules, and I was in misery all the time. I constantly had pains in my stomach and chest, and a dizzy feeling about my head. My bowels didn't work regularly, and I felt "mean" all the time. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised so much I bought some, and after taking them for a month felt like a new man. I have a boy who was troubled with indigestion, and gave some to him. They proved to be just what he needed.